Montana Outdoors

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One Dollar

Special Photo Issue

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Dragonfly. Front cover: Larry Dech
Bohemian waxwing. Inside front cover: Alan Nelson
Mule deer. Back cover: Larry Holmquist

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"Painting is silent poetry,
and poetry painting that speaks."
—Simonides (c. 556-468 B.C.)

Cottontail: Dean Biggins

Although Simonides died almost 2,500 years ago, we think he would agree that photography, too, can be silent poetry. Like a good painting, a good photograph conveys an emotional message that words cannot totally express. Some people feel that because film is a "mechanical" medium, photography should not be considered "true" art. In an article entitled "When a Picture Becomes Art" in the August/September 1982 issue of *Art West,* award-winning Montana photographer Bill McRae concedes: ". . . let's face it, photography has not yet become widely accepted in the art world. But I think that it is just a matter of time before it comes about."

Admittedly, there is a difference between snapping a camera shutter and applying brush to canvas. But if Webster's dictionary definition of art—the conscious use of skill and creative imagination in the production of aesthetic objects—is correct, there can be little doubt that McRae's antelope photograph on page 37, and the other photographs included in this Special Photo Issue, represent art in its highest form.

As you page through this magazine, you will note that lines of poetry accompany some of the photographs. Montana is fortunate to have several talented poets, and lines from a few of them are presented here. Among the state's finest was Richard Hugo, who died in October 1982 after an extended illness. His special feelings about Montana, its people and its out-of-the-way places will live on through his words (see page 36).

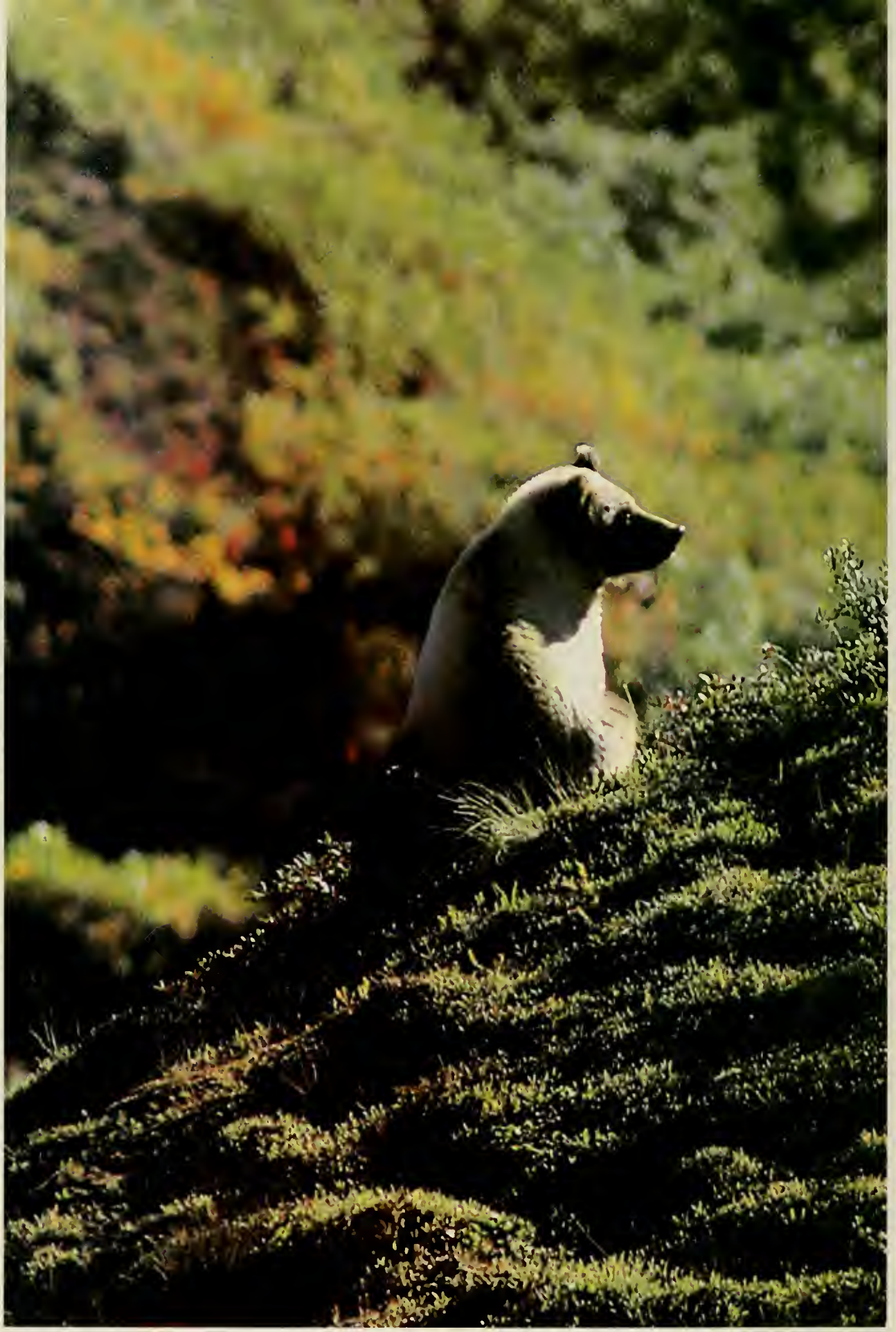
We hope you enjoy both the photographs and the poetry—and the combination of art forms they create—in this second annual Special Photo Issue of *Montana Outdoors.—Editors*

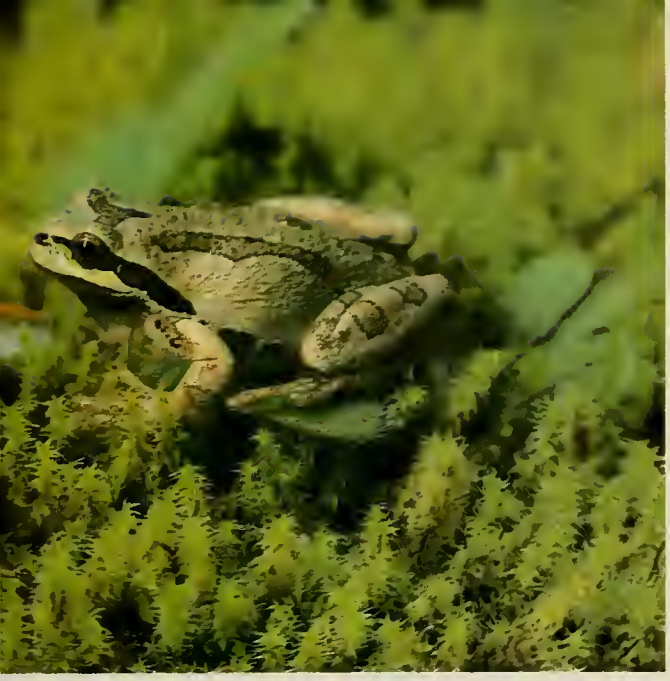
Several of nature's people
I know, and they know me;
I feel for them a transport
Of cordiality;

But never met this fellow,
Attended or alone,
Without a tighter breathing,
And zero at the bone.

—Emily Dickinson
"The Snake"

Rattlesnake: Allen Wiederrich
Storm brewing: Paul Dix





When spring is gone, none
will so grumpily
grumble
as these chirping frogs.

—Yayu

Grizzly bear: Louis M. Kis
Pacific tree frog: George B. Kirsch
East Flattop Mountain, Glacier National Park: Jim Romo

Light shone on that water,
the rain-dimple of feeding trout,
and memory,
and the deep stillness of boyhood.

—John Haines
"To My Father"

Mountain goat: Alan Nelson
Fishing the Madison: Larry Dech

Oh, give us pleasure in the flowers today;
And give us not to think so far away
As the uncertain harvest; keep us here
All simply in the springing of the year.

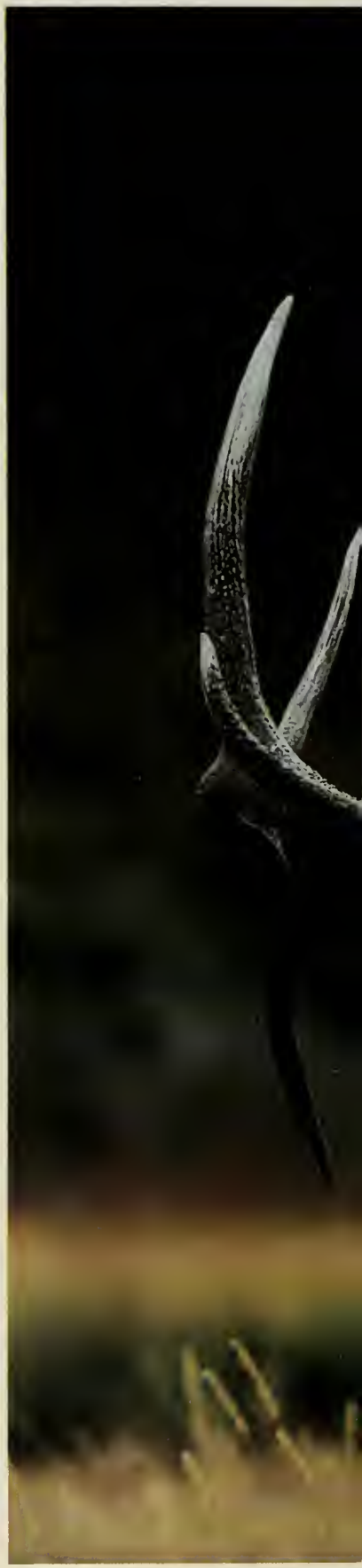
—Robert Frost
"A Prayer in Spring"

Whitetail fawn: Louis M. Kis
Pasqueflower: Steve Wirt

His horns exploded in the brush
with dry trees cracking
and falling; his nostrils flared
as, swollen-necked, smelling
of challenge, he stalked by me.

—John Haines
"Horns"

Yellow-headed blackbird: Mike Logan
Montana monarch: Mike Logan



Why make so much of fragmentary blue
In here and there a bird, or butterfly,
Or flower, or wearing-stone, or open eye,
When heaven presents in sheets the solid hue?

—Robert Frost
"Fragmentary Blue"

Bighorn sheep: Dave Books
Chinese Wall, Bob Marshall Wilderness: Bob Cooney

. . . We know the sound
of wind when honkers squawk,
horizons stitched thin with wings.

We plot the long stalks ahead,
together through hay and oats, those days
we'll crawl in a muddy November stubble,
and that long wait again till fall
when we fill our game bags, fat
as Daisy Mae and Sassy.

—Paul Zarzyski
"When the Geese Flew,
the Cows Gave Milk Early"

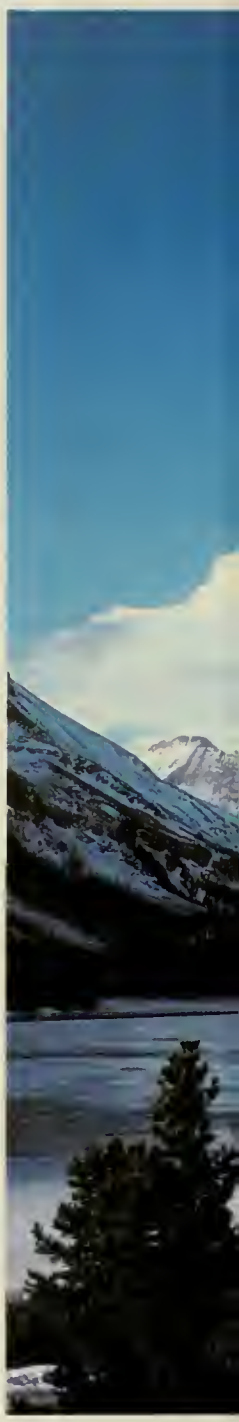
Nesting Canada goose: Steve Wirt
Badger: Craig Jourdonnais

Lightning flickering
without sound . . .
how far away
the night heron cries!

—Basho

Wintering elk, Sun River Wildlife Management Area: Tom Warren
Black-crowned night heron: Mike Logan
Canoeing, Seeley Lake: George Wuerthner
(following page) Battling bighorns: Neal and M. J. Mishler

Avalanche: Steve Wirt
Swiftcurrent Lake: Paul Menard



The coat dedicated to the unending
Winter, advises us on each mistake.
Snow covers the leaves, shadows die
Into a mutual orbit, myths burn
In their seasonal constancy.

—David St. John
"Of the Remembered" (IX)

We will not speak,
but hooded against the frost
soar above
the alder flats, searching
with tawny eyes.

And then we'll sit
in the shadowy spruce and
pick the bones
of careless mice . . . .

—John Haines
"If the Owl Calls Again"

Swallowtail: Larry Thompson
Immature great horned owl: Louis M. Kis

The turtle lives 'twixt plated decks
Which practically conceal its sex.
I think it clever of the turtle
In such a fix to be so fertile.

—Ogden Nash
"The Turtle"

Turtles: Roger E. Yount, Sr.
Blue grouse: Alan Nelson
Cow moose: Mike Francis

Black, curly-headed symbol of devotion,
Of courage, strength and grace in every motion,
You bravely gave yourself in keenest measure
In daily service to your master's pleasure;
More constant in attachment than is woman,
More understanding than a fellow human;
Your loyalty spontaneous and unbought
And in return for which you asked for naught,
Not e'en sure food and shelter for your bed.
Enough for you, Old Boy, at workday's close,
With eager, pleading eyes and nudging nose,
To feel the gentle stroking of your head.

—Sterling E. Edmunds
"Exemplar of Fidelity"

Opening day: Mike Gurnett
Trophy bull: Neal and M. J. Mishler

Sunset: Craig Jourdonnais
Antelope fawn: Kristi DuBois

Nature's first green is gold,
Her hardest hue to hold.
Her early leaf's a flower;
But only so an hour.
Then leaf subsides to leaf.
So Eden sank to grief,
So dawn goes down to day.
Nothing gold can stay.

—Robert Frost
"Nothing Gold Can Stay"

Uncertain what holds anything together,
Ospreys try everything—fishnets and broomsticks,
Welcome-mats and pieces of scarecrows,
Sheep bones, shells, the folded wings of mallards—
And heap up generations till they topple.

—David Wagoner
"The Osprey's Nest"

Daisy Pass, Absaroka-Beartooth Wilderness: Paul Dix
Osprey: Jon Jourdonnais

When the sun slips between the hills
a coin slides into the juke box,
the horizon lights up in purples
like an old Wurlitzer,
and the grouse drums in the bugleweed.

—Paul Zarzyski
"Blue Luck & Music on Lonesome Lake"

Eastern Montana sunrise: Dean Biggins
Red fox: Tom Ulrich

Out of one wintry
twig, one bud,
one blossom's worth
of warmth at long last!

—Ransetsu

Avocets: Larry Lewis
Sun River Wildlife Management Area: Bert Goodman
Rosehips: E. Gary Petersen

Tomorrow will open again, the sky wide
as the mouth of a wild girl, friable
clouds you lose yourself to. You are lost
in miles of land without people, without
one fear of being found, in the dash
of rabbits, soar of antelope, swirl
merge and clatter of streams.

—Richard Hugo
"Driving Montana"

Scenic: Mike Logan
Antelope: Bill McRae